Of all the Court and Princes of my bloud,
The hope and expectaion of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of euery man
Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneid in the eies of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeles baniſhment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By being ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtir
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would ſay, where, which is *Bullingbrooke*:
And then I ſtole all curteſie from heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humilitie,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes
Euen in the preſence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt
And wan by rarenes ſuch ſolemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow ieſters, and raſh bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with Carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gaue his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery beardles vaine comparatiue
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enforc't himſelfe to popularity,
That being daily ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfetted with hony, and began to loath
The taſt of ſwetnes, whereof a little,

More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but with ſuch eyes
As ſicke and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinarie gaze.
Such as is bent on ſun-like Maieſty,
When it ſhines ſeldome in admiring eyes,
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe
Slept in his face, and rendred ſuch aſpect,
As cloudy men vſe to doe to their aduerſaries,
Being with his preſence, glutted, gorgde, and full.
And in that very line, *Harry* ſtandeſt thou,
For, thou haſt loſt thy Princely priuiledge,
With vile participation, Not an eye
But is a weary of thy common ſight,
Saue mine, which hath deſired to ſee thee more,
Which now doth that I would not haue it done,
Make blind it ſelfe with fooliſh tenderneſſe.

Prin. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord
Be more my ſelfe. *King.* For all the world
As thou art to this howre, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* ſet foot at *Rauenſpurgh*,
And euen as I was then, is *Percy* now:
Now by my ſcepter and my ſoule to boote,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion,
For of no right nor colour like to right.
He doth fill fields with Harnes in the Realme,
Turns head againſt the Lyons armed Iawes,
And being no more indebt to yeares, then thou
Leadſt ancient Lords, and reuerent Biſhops on,
To bloody battels, and to bruſing armes,
What neuer dying honor hath he got,
Againſt renowned *Douglas?* whoſe high deedes,
Whoſe hot incurſions and great name in Armes,
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe maiority,
And military title capitall.